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The Pauper's Burial. BY EASTMAN. Bury him there— No matter where! Hustle him out of the way: Trouble enough We have with such stuff; Taxes and money to pay. Bury him there— No matter where! Off in some corner at best! There's no need of stones Above his old bones,— Nobody'll ask where they rest. Bury him there— No matter where! None by his death are bereft; Stopping to pray! Shovel away! We still have enough of them left.

Address to the Farmers of Penna. The Agricultural Society of Philadelphia, in its anxiety to promote the objects of its founders, and the advancement of the great interests for which it was instituted, desires respectfully to call your attention towards the founding of a State Agricultural Society, and to ask your aid in furtherance of the measure. While it is a matter of surprise among the enlightened farmers of other States, who have formed or projected State Societies, it is cause of regret to many of our citizens, that Pennsylvania, essentially agricultural, can not yet boast of a State institution, combining the skill and experience of her intelligent agriculturists, to be made available in diffusing a general knowledge of improved systems of husbandry and tillage, and imparting energy and vigor to the most important of all her industrial pursuits. In time past, with a comparatively sparse population, when means of intercommunication were limited and difficult, there was reasonable excuse for not having a State organization; but now, with our present facilities in the increase of population, with cities and towns dotting every portion of the State, and canals and railroads intersecting every quarter and running to every point, should the formation of a State Society be longer delayed, Pennsylvania will justly incur the reproach of culpable apathy, in standing listlessly still, while in this progressive age so many of her sister States, less favored by natural resources, are keeping pace with the times, in the advancement of their agriculture. Though the project of a State Agricultural Society commends itself especially to the farmers themselves, yet it is not without claims upon the consideration of others, appealing as it does to their State pride, if not directly to their interests. Can the merchant or trader be indifferent to the main source from whence his warehouses and ships are filled and freighted? Can the manufacturer or the mechanic thrive without an abundant supply of the staff of life? Or can the capitalist who embarks in rail-road and canal stocks expect remunerating dividends on his investments, unless the products of agriculture contribute to the tolls, especially on such lines as the Central Railroad? And can the State ever expect to be relieved of the heavy debt under which she now staggers, if her waste and unproductive lands are not brought under profitable culture, and the farmers stimulated to increased exertion, to create active capital out of matter now inert and valueless? It needs no argument to prove, that if the farming interest is permitted to languish every other industrial pursuit will exhibit corresponding signs of decay. It behoves, then, every citizen who regards his interests, as well as the farmer, to lend his aid to any feasible plan that will impart hope and energy to the tillers of the soil. The first practical step, in furtherance of this object is, to establish a State Institution, through the medium of which, farmers can have a free interchange of opinions with each other upon the best means of promoting improvement in the theory and practice of Agriculture, and the opportunity of exhibiting annually, at designated localities, their stock and implements, with the products of their fields and orchards. This is the desideratum, if attained, that will make Pittsburg, Chambersburg, Harrisburg, York, Lancaster, Reading and Easton as famous in the annals of agricultural fairs and cattle shows in Pennsylvania, as Rochester, Buffalo, Utica, Albany, &c., are in New York. Among the causes that have led to the unexampled prosperity of New York, of late years, none is more striking than the encouragement wisely bestowed upon her agriculture, by the Legislature of that State, incorporating a State Society, and granting some \$8,000 to \$10,000 annually to its auxiliary societies, which has stirred up the energies of her farmers, to compete successfully for the palm of distinction,

even with her mercantile community. The great bulk of her Western lands, but a few years back a wilderness, is now equal in value to the earliest cultivated lands of the State, and thickly settled with a wealthy, enterprising yeomanry, able and willing to pay their quota of taxes to supply the treasury, by which the state is enabled to maintain her character and credit. It must, however, be admitted that her great canal did much towards the wonderful progress of New York, but without the impulse given to the farming interests, which accreted to the canal an independent and increasing trade from within her own domain, that great public work would to this day have been comparatively profitless. The canal was indeed a noble work—the patronage bestowed upon her agriculture, was a stroke of policy just as it was politic, and will ever redound to the credit of her Statesmen and Legislators. The example of New York has not been lost on Ohio; the Legislature of this State has within the last three or four years, established an Agricultural State Board, and incorporated an Agricultural State Society, and has made such liberal provisions for the county societies that it would not surprise, if ere long she out-rides New York in agricultural spirit and enterprise. No one who reads the *Ohio Cultivator*, containing reports of the Agricultural Board, with other manifestations to be found in that spirited paper, can fail to be impressed with the high destiny that is in store for Ohio, if she but persevere in the good work she has so nobly begun. Maryland too has taken the imitative in the noble cause, and with a commendable zeal on the part of some of her distinguished agriculturists, had recently not only invoked her own Legislature, but Congress also, to do something for this too long neglected branch of the national industry. Their appeal to the State Legislature was not in vain, for that body, pending its last session, chartered the Maryland State Agricultural Society. So of Virginia, who has recently organized a State Society at Richmond. With such examples before her, and such incentives to action, is it possible that Pennsylvania will not shake off the apathy, that like a blighting mildew seems to paralyze her energies and progress? The subject of a State Agricultural Society, has for a series of years been adverted to and discussed by the members of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, as a consummation devoutly to be wished, but every effort was checked by forebodings that the Legislature would do nothing in aid of the undertaking. It is to be regretted that those fears were not wholly groundless, for on a review of the little that has been done for agriculture by the representatives of farming Pennsylvania, the apprehensions that nothing would be done, cannot be considered as altogether gratuitous or imaginary. Unfortunately for the land interests, the Legislature has so generally been absorbed in other interests, which connected themselves with the politics of the day, that it had no time to look into the condition of the patient and unobtrusive farmer, upon whose drudgery much of the pay and maintenance of the Legislature itself necessarily depend. In the congregated wisdom of the State, at Harrisburg assembled, the injunction "to unuzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," found no place in its councils, or on its statute book. That the importance, claims and calling of so large a body of citizens as the farmers of Pennsylvania should so long be neglected, is not only paradoxical but discreditable. In extension of this charge of neglect, it may be adduced, that there is annually at the opening of every session, a committee on agriculture appointed by both branches of the Legislature, but so far from this lessening the charge, it only aggravates the neglect to perform a duty of which the Assembly is every year reminded by the composition of a committee, significant that something is to be done, or should be done; for surely it could not have been intended at first, that this committee should be raised and kept standing nominally only, or in mockery to the interests it professed to subserve. However obnoxious the Legislature may be to the charge of remissness in this important matter, it applies with tenfold force to the farmers themselves, who never by any combined effort attempted to place themselves in the position which of right they should occupy. It is conceded by the whole community, that of all the industrial classes, the farmers are the most numerous and useful—the stay and sheet anchor of the State in times of danger and difficulty. Why then have they not long since received at the hands of their representatives that attention they deserve, and so much require! Simply, because they have not placed themselves in the proper attitude to enforce their claims and see that justice is done to them. If the Legislature represent all classes, and, as admitted, the farmers are the largest, then is it plain that the farmers are to blame, if their interests are neglected—the remedy is in their own hands, and it is their own fault if they do not effectually apply it. In view of this state of affairs, as relating to the interests of agriculture in Pennsylvania, it is recommended as a first practical step towards progressive improvement, to hold a Farmer's Convention, at Harrisburg, on the 3d Tuesday in January, 1851, to which every county is hereby invited to send delegates, for the purpose of forming a State Agricultural Society, and to take into consideration the condition of the landed interests, and to devise such measures as may best promote and advance the agriculture of the Commonwealth. JAMES GOWEN, A. L. ELWYN, SAMUEL C. FORD, ALGERNON S. ROBERTS, JOHN PRICE WETHERILL.

Taxing Bachelors. Tax them, tax them, tax them all, With an income great and small— Tax their mortgages and rents, On each dollar sixty cents; That's the toll they ought to pay, For wearing out the "Bachelor's way;" Soon they'll cry instead of laugh, Mourning for the "better half." Tax them for the vows they've made, Tax them for their vows unpaid— For the drafts they've drawn still, On their conscience and their will; Tax them for the debts they owe, To young Cupid and his bow, For the use of silver darts, And the loan of "treacherous arts." Tax them for their precious time, Spent in writing silly rhyme, To the fair deluded girls, Lost in blushes and in curls— Tax them for dishonour paid, To the sunlight and the shade— Swearing they were truer far, Than a sunbeam or a star. Tax them for their wasted years, Tax them for the bitter tears Drawn from eyes that once were bright, With a soft confiding light— For the cheeks they've made so pale— For the deep, pathetic wail, Breathed from hearts that must endure What no surgeon's art can cure. Tax them for the hopes they've crossed, Tax them for the dollars lost, Buying elixir and balm, Meant to keep their spirits calm; When the lady fondly thought The "confession" would be brought, And the lover with his hand, Would bestow his house and land. Tax them for wood and coal, Used to warm their chilly soul; Tax them for the cakes and pies, Made to charm the lover's eyes— For sperm candles tax them well, Oh, the number who can tell! That have burned and burned in vain, To secure a faithless swain. Tax them for the countless threats, Made by mothers to their "pets." When the months would pass away, And the lover "named no day." Tax them for the "awful smart," That was felt about the heart, When the last frail beau had gone, And the lady wept alone. Yes, I'd tax them one and all, With an income great or small— Tax their mortgages and rents, On each dollar sixty cents; Till their truant steps should stay, Camly in the "married way"— Then I would enjoy a laugh With the "Bachelor's better half."

A Day's Excursion. One day last summer I took my place in a Gravesend steamer, and found considerable amusement in watching the various characters— Two persons in particular attracted my notice; one was a middle aged gentleman, stout, rather surly, taciturn, who paid no attention to any living being on board, except a huge Newfoundland dog, that was panting or lolling out his tongue, roaming among the passengers, shoving them out of his way, or frightening children, by suddenly covering their faces with one lick of his great tongue, and convincing nervous ladies that he was going mad, by the vigor with which he stuck out his legs while rolling upon the deck. His master eyed these pranks with a sly smile, and seemed quietly to enjoy the terrors occasioned by the antics of his burly friend. The other person whom I specially noticed was a very pretty and well dressed lady. Young lady she would no doubt have been called, but that she had with her a little girl, about seven years old, who called her mamma. She was evidently possessed of nerves; indeed, she seemed to be possessed by them, and in her keenest sufferings in the small way were caused by the unwieldy gambols of Lion, the Newfoundland dog; and her incessant and puerile exclamations of terror, indignation, and spite, against the good natured brute, kept up the sly malicious smile upon the lips of his apparently unnoticing master. The little girl, on the contrary, had to the increased alarm of the weak mother, made friends with the monster, and for a long time amused herself by throwing bits of biscuit for him to catch, which feat, notwithstanding the incorrectness of her aim, he managed to accomplish, by making a boisterous plunge to one side or the other, and when at last she timidly offered him a piece out of her hand, and he acknowledged the compliment by licking her face and rubbing his side against her, until he almost pushed her down, the little creature fairly screamed with delight.— The mother screamed too, but in one of the small, hysterical screams in which she was fond of indulging, and which was followed by an outburst of anger at Lion's audacity: "Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "if that horrid creature should be mad, he'll have killed my child! How dirty he is, too! Look at your pelisse, Adeline; see what a state it is in! How dare you play with that animal!" This transition from hydrophobia to a soiled

dress, was too much for Lion's master, and he burst into a loud laugh. "I wish, sir," said the lady, snappishly, "that you would call away that nasty dog, instead of setting him on to annoy everybody who is not accustomed to have such dirty animals about them." The gentleman said nothing, but bowed and walked forward; and I soon after saw him enjoying a cigar, while Lion played the agreeable, in his own rough fashion, to people who knew how to read the expression of his honest and intelligent physiognomy. Little Adeline, deprived of the attraction which had fixed her attention to the inside of the boat, began to see amusement in watching the foaming water, as it rushed from the paddle wheels, and dance in long lines behind them. She knelt on a shawl which a fellow-passenger had lent, as a cushion for her little knees had leaned quietly over the side, watching the roaring water: so her mother was for a time relieved from the thousand mosquito-winged vexations which had hitherto beset her. We were within a few miles of Gravesend.— The tide was just at the full, and the broad expanse of the river lay around us in all its majesty; and to those who have never beheld the Hudson or the Mississippi, old Father Thames is majestic, ay, and if we place in the balance the historic, and political and commercial importance of the transactions of which his broad breast is and has been the highway, our time honored river will not lose in dignity even when compared with those giant floods of the west. Such thoughts as these, however, did not trouble Adeline's pretty head, which began, I could see, to grow giddy with the continual whirl beneath her. A large sea-weed, that was dashed from the paddle-wheel, caught her attention. It sank, then rose, turned around in a short eddy, and then darted out in the long wake that was left behind the steamer. She leaned forward to watch its progress further still—her neck was stretched—she lost her balance, and tumbled over into the roaring flood. In a moment all was confusion aboard. Men were shouting for ropes and boats, to stop the steamer; cries of "A child overboard!" "Who can swim?" and a thousand other cries and questionings; but, above all, were the poor mother's heart-rending shrieks, too painfully earnest now; and she alone, in the fond, instinctive devotion of maternal love, heedless that even should she reach her child she could only sink with her, endeavoring to leap into the water to save her. Suddenly, Lion, followed closely by his master, came tearing along the deck, knocking the people to the right and left like nine-pins. They sprang into the boat that hung at the stern, everybody giving way before the determined energy of both man and dog. Lion looked anxiously into his master's face, and uttered a sharp, low bark. "Wait," said the latter in reply: "where was she seen last?" "There, sir," replied the sailor promptly; "there beside that piece of plank." "How often has she risen?" "Twice." The gentleman drew a long breath, and said to his dog in a low tone, "Look out!" And Lion did look out, with wild flashing eyes and limbs that trembled with anxiety. What a moment that was! Every one else was passive, every other attempt was laid aside, and all stood in mute expectation. Those who were near enough watched the third rising of the poor child, and those who could not see the water, kept their eyes fixed upon Lion. In another instant a cry was raised, as a golden tressed head was seen to emerge from the water. The noble dog had seen her first though; and ere the warning cry had reached his ears, he had dashed from the boat with wonderful rapidity, and was swimming towards the little sufferer as though he knew that life and death depended on his efforts. His master marked his progress anxiously. His face was pale as death, and it was only by rigidly compressing them that he could control the nervous quivering of his lips. "He has her," he exclaimed, as Lion rose to the surface, after a long dive, holding the little Adeline by the hair of her head in such a manner that her face was out of water. "He has her, and she is saved!" Down went the steps, and on them stood a couple of active sailors, encouraging the brave dog by shouts and gestures, and ready to receive his precious burden when he should approach them. Slowly he came on, wishfully eyeing the steps, and now and then looking up at his master, who was leaning over the side encouraging him with his well-known voice. "Here you are!" cried the sailors, seizing the little girl. She was handed from one to another and at last deposited in the arms of an active-looking gentleman, whom every one seemed instinctively to recognize, as a surgeon, and by him carried below. "Now come up, that's a brave fellow," said the sailor, retreating to make way for Lion to climb the steps. But the poor creature winned piteously and, after one or two fruitless attempts to raise himself out of the water, he remained quite passive. "Help him—help him!—he is exhausted!" cried his master, fighting his way through the crowd to go to the rescue of his favorite. By the time, however, he had reached the top of the ladder, the sailors had perceived the condition of the dog, and with some difficulty dragged him from the water.

With their assistance, he crawled feebly up, and languidly licked his master's hand, and stretched himself on the deck. It would be difficult to tell which received the most attention—the little girl under the hand of the surgeon and all the women who had squeezed themselves into the cabin, under the firm conviction that they were exceedingly useful, or the noble dog, from the rough but kind attentions of the steamer's men, under the superintendence of his master. Both the invalids were convalescent, and Lion was sitting up, receiving with quiet dignity the caresses of his friends, when Adeline's mother came running up stairs, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, and clasping him affectionately in her arms, laid her cheeks upon his round head and wept. "He's a dirty animal, madam," said the gentleman, who had not forgot her former slighting remarks; "he'll make your pelisse in such a state. Besides he may be mad!" She cast up her eyes with an expression of meek reproach. They were fine eyes and I think he felt, for his features softened immediately. "Oh, pray, pray, give him to me!" she earnestly entreated. "Give Lion to you!" he exclaimed, in derision: "Why, what would you do with him? I will tell you. You'd pet and pamper, the poor beast till he was eaten up with disease, and as nervous as a fine lady. No, no; you'd better give Adeline to me. Lion and I can take much better care of her than you can." "Perhaps so, sir," she replied, with the gentle manner that had come over her since the accident; "but still I could not spare her—she is my only child, and I am a widow." "I must go," muttered the gentleman to himself; "well! has not the immortal Weller assured us that one widow is equal to twenty-five ordinary women! It's not safe—morally safe—to be in the same boat with her." He walked away. But who can resist against fate? When the boat returned to London Bridge, I saw him carrying Adeline ashore, and the widow leaning on his arm. They had a long conversation all the way home! And, when he had put them into the cab, they had another chat through the window, terminating with a promise to "come early." What could all this mean? He looked after the cab till it was out of sight. "I think she has got rid of her nerves," he observed to himself; "what a charming creature she is without them!"

Becky Wilson's Courtship. "Oh, now, Becky, do tell us all about it!" ses the galls. Becky hadn't been married mo'n a month, and hadn't got over her bashfulness yet. "Bout what?" ses she. "Why, bout your courtship," ses the galls. "Shaw," ses she, turning away her head and blushing' dreadful; "you better tell your own courtships yourselves, I reckon." "Yes, but none of us ever had any bows, Becky, and you's a married woman. Come, now, do tell us all about it. I do love to hear about courtin' so much," ses Betsy Bowers. "Oh, yes, Becky, do tell us." "Well," ses Becky, after a great deal of blushing, and twistin' about, "I'll tell you all how it was, if that'll satisfy you." "Well, now," ses the galls, all getting round her so as they could hear good. "Well," ses Becky, putting an emphasis on bout every other word, "John, he cum to ower house to see me; he ses, 'turnin' away her head and kind o' lookin' down sideways under her arm.' 'Fool! he better go to see his self, I reckon. Gracious knows, I didn't care nothin' bout him.' " "Well," ses the galls. "Well, John, he sed he loved me, Fool! better love his self, I reckon." "Oh that's so funny," ses the galls—"go on." "Shaw," ses Becky, "I won't tell no more." "Oh, yes, do-do, Becky!" ses all of 'em. "Well, then, John, he ax'd me, if I wouldn't have him. Hem, fool! better have his self, I reckon." "Then what did you say?" "Hem! I never sed nothing. Gracious knows, he wasn't gwine to get nothing out of me." "Oh, oh! he ses all the galls—"do go on, Becky." "Then, John, he ax'd mother, if he moughtn't have me. Fool! better have his self, I reckon." "Well," ses the galls. "Well, mother, she got kind o' flusterated, and sed yes. Fool! she better mind her own business, I reckon." "And then what?" "Then John, he ax'd daddy if he moughtn't have me; and daddy, he got kind o' flusterated, too, and sed yes, too—" "That's the sort of daddys," ses the galls, rubbin' their hands. "Then mammy, she went to town, and got a white frock for me, and white gloves to put on my hands, for me to be married to John. Hem, fool! she better be married to him herself, I reckon." "Well," ses the galls—"go on, Becky." "Shaw, now I ain't a gwine to tell you no more about it, so I sint." "Oh yes, Becky, do go on! Oh, do tell us all about the wedding, Becky!—that's a good soul!" "Oh, hush, galls, bout sich nonsense." "Oh, do, now—that's a good soul." "Well, bimeby, the preacher-man, cum to ower house, and a whole heap of people, to marry me. Fool! they great deal better staid home, I reckon. Gracious knows, I didn't want to see 'em."